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WINFIELD MANOR.



AN ACCOUNT OF
Winfield Manor
In Derbyshire,

BY
SIDNEY OLDALL ADDY, M.A.,

AND
JAMES CROSTON, F.S.A.,

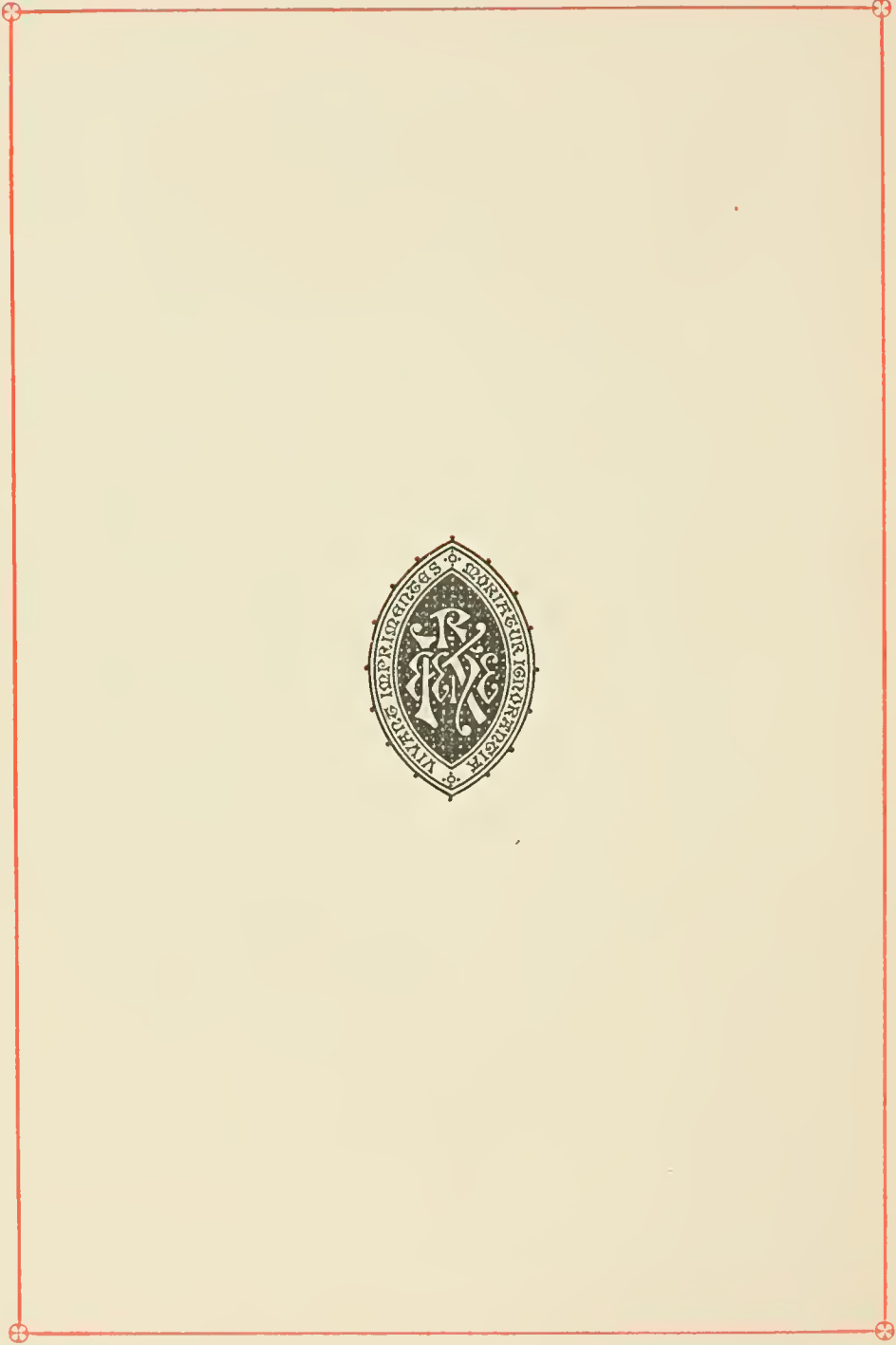
WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY RICHARD KEENE.



ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATINOTYPES AND
ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.



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OPPOSITE ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.
1885.



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WINFIELD MANOR.

INTRODUCTION.





WINFIELD MANOR.

INTRODUCTION.

WISHING to make this Guide-book* as complete as possible, the Publisher has thought it desirable to preface the very interesting descriptions of his literary friends by a few remarks chiefly relating to the various routes by which the ruins of Winfield Manor House may be reached by the stranger.

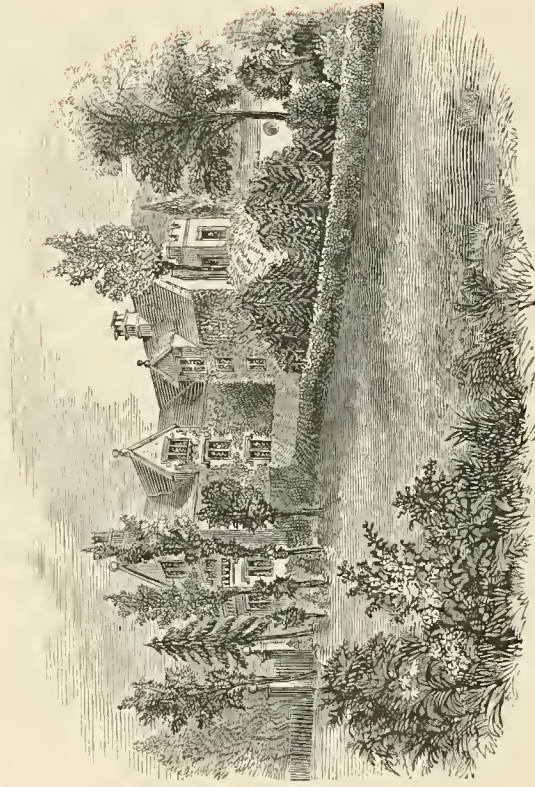
South Winfield† is a parish and village picturesquely

* A small Pocket Edition of this book will be issued as one of the Publisher's "All About" series.

† The name of Winfield is supposed to be derived from Whin, the common name of furze or gorse, (*Genista Spinosa*), which is still found plentifully here. The neighbouring villages of Brackenfield and Carnfield seem to imply similar derivations. In old charters it is spelt Winnefeld, Wynefeld, Wynfeld and Winfield—more recently it has become Wingfield; in this book the older and better orthography is adopted.

situated in the Scarsdale Hundred of Derbyshire, 14 miles north of Derby, with about 1,300 inhabitants. The extensive and beautiful ruins of the Manor House are seen to advantage from the Midland Railway on the bold tree-covered eminence on the left as the visitor approaches Wingfield Station. A pleasant walk of a mile-and-a-half brings him to the spot. Close by the station is the church in its low-lying graveyard subjected to the inundations of the little river Amber. The body of the church has been rebuilt and much disfigured by "T. H. : B. B. churchwardens, 1803." The chancel is the oldest portion of the present building, but it suffered sadly at the same tasteless time, for the roof was then lowered, and the Decorated tracery of the east window removed. The Rev. Dr. Cox gives the latter part of Edward III.'s reign as the probable date of the chancel. He attributes the tower, which is of the Perpendicular period, to Ralph, Lord Cromwell, who built the neighbouring Manor House, and fancies he can see traces of the Cromwell arms on the projecting little shield on the south-west buttress. A Norman font, relic of the original building, has for many years lain topsyturvy at the foot of the tower. It is gratifying to learn, that during the restoration now in progress, it will find a proper resting-place *inside* the building to which it undoubtedly belongs.

Passing the water-mill and Board Schools the rising road is cut through the solid new red sandstone on which the village is built; there is a sharp turn in this rocky ravine, the rugged sides of which are festooned with ivy, and on looking back the road is seen with good effect. Traversing the upper part of the village the visitor soon comes to a



LEA HURST.

gate on the left; a descending cartway leads to the murmuring stream which washes the foot of the opposite hill, where stands the Manor House. Crossing the brook a steep tree-shaded ascent brings him to the south-east gateway of the ruins. This is the most usual way to Winfield Manor House. It is also accessible from Ambergate or Whatstandwell stations; from either, a stiff walk of nearly four miles will amply repay the pedestrian, for besides the charming scenery on the way, he can as he passes through the village of Crich, visit the famous limestone Cliff and the "Stand" on its summit, which is as free to the visitor as it is to the winds. Nearly a thousand feet above the sea-level, Crich Stand is a landmark for the country round, affording most extensive views to those who ascend its spiral stairs. How long this tower may remain is very uncertain, for the landslips of late years have almost reached to its base. Crich church is also well worth a visit; it dates from the fourteenth century. From the small market-town of Alfreton it is a less distance and easier walking. Should the visitor, however, be sojourning at Matlock he will find his journey to Winfield Manor House extended to eight miles, and riding or walking, such as he could get perhaps in no other county, through scenery of the most beautiful and diversified character. He may call at Lea and Dethick on the way. Who has not heard of Lea Hurst, the Derbyshire home of Florence Nightingale, and of Dethick, where lived in the days of "Good Queen Bess" young Anthony Babington? Beautifully situated stands the old chapel, built by Sir Anthony Dethick in the thirteenth century. The tower of this chapel was built in 1530 by Sir Anthony Babington, and is shewn in the accompanying engraving;



DETHICK CHURCH.

it is decorated by numerous shields of arms of the Dethick and Babington families, which elaborate armorial bearings are fast falling to decay. The mention of Dethick in connection with Winfield needs no apology, for here lived Anthony Babington, the great grandson of the Sir Anthony

who built the church tower and great barn still standing. It was from Dethick that the young Anthony carried on his secret correspondence with Mary Queen of Scots during her imprisonment at Winfield, only four miles away, and here was hatched the plot for her deliverance from captivity, known as the Babington conspiracy.* Close by the church stands all that is left of the old hall of the

* A full account of this noted conspiracy will be found in the *Reliquary*, Vol. II.

Babingtons, a comfortable farm-house, with but little remains of the original building.*

Having given some idea of the different routes by which the subject of our little book may be approached, before reading what the authors of the following pages have written, it may be well to consider one or two points. First, as to the position of the chapel at the Manor House, for a chapel so extensive a place must have had. From the recent researches of Edmund B. Ferrey and the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Cox, it stood at the north-east angle of the present ruins, and though the foundations are mostly hidden, there still exists the sill of a mullioned window, and the ruins of some walls which possibly formed the west end of the chapel. But Mr. Addy considers that so important a building would have made part of one of the quadrangles, and he places it in the blank space at the east side of the inner court, now overgrown with yew-trees of considerable age. Mr. Croston also speaks of the chapel being in this quadrangle.

Next as to the so-called crypt. Mr. Addy seems thoroughly convinced it was merely the wine-cellar, as will be seen in reading his very graphic sketch which



CELLAR DOOR,
DETHICK OLD HALL.

* The cellar door-way of which I made a sketch some quarter-of-a-century ago is here given, and my first impressions of Dethick and its surroundings are quoted in *Days in Derbyshire*, printed in 1863.

follows this Introduction. If this is not a correct view, where was the cellarage? He has proved that large quantities of wine were consumed here, and his view is still further strengthened by the fact of a spiral staircase leading to the crypt from the dais of the banqueting hall. Mr. Croston seems in doubt, but thinks it may have been a store or guard-room; while the Rev. Dr. Cox and others look upon it as a retainers' hall, similar in fact to the servant's hall of the present day, and which frequently in large houses is situated beneath the great hall or banqueting-room, as at Kedleston, Newstead, and Alton Towers. If it was used as a retainers' hall, it must have been a very dark and cheerless one, more especially when its three small windows opened into the "cloister" which once ran on the north side to the chapel. But there is as great uncertainty in naming this a cloister as in calling the undercroft a crypt—it was most probably a later addition with a flat roof. It seems then that the conclusions of Mr. Addy are more than probable; but there will always be difference of opinion respecting this mysterious vaulted room which has *four* entrances and *no* fireplace. The stone paving has been removed, and the rain filters through from the grassy floor of the roofless banqueting hall and makes dark pools in the mud below, hastening the work of destruction. The beautiful masonry of the vaulting-ribs with their ornamented bosses at the intersections are noted and admired by all, but most writers like most visitors overlook the eight rudely-carved keystones of the wall-ribs, six of which are depicted in Mr. Ferrey's most truthful series of drawings. They are invisible in the gloom, but can be seen by striking a match.

One represents a mask with leaves issuing from the eyes and mouth, others are of angels with scrolls or musical instruments. One of the latter is given in the following tail-piece.

Another mystery about this old ruin may be noticed. How was it supplied with water? At the present day all the water used by the tenant farmer has to be fetched from some distance in the water-cart usually seen standing in the porch. It is said there was a well in the outer court which fell in many years since; and a late tenant of the farm, Mr. Cupit, speaks of lead piping having been found in the fields to the south, leading, it is supposed, from Fritchley, some two miles distant, from whence the water could be conveyed. The supposition that this "dignified combination of castle and mansion" was so supplied is supported by the fact that a field there is called "Conduit Field" to this day.

Other riddles will present themselves to the thoughtful observer as he examines the ruined walls and studies the architectural details and interpolations of this most beautiful and interesting place; knocked about as it has been by Cromwell's cannon balls, then repaired and altered to suit the requirements of its new owner,* and finally used as a quarry from which was built the ugly house below. It is gratifying to find his later descendants and the present

* In 1678 Winfield Manor was conveyed to Immanuel Halton, the astronomer and mathematician, and it was during his life that many alterations were made to render the shattered place fit for his abode. The Banqueting Hall seems to have been the principal part he inhabited, which was divided into two storeys and also by a wall

owner have taken every care of the ruins; the court-yards are clean and orderly, and the ivy is kept within bounds. Long may these memorable walls stand to adorn



BAY WINDOW IN BANQUETING HALL.

the landscape, to interest the antiquary and lover of history, to afford subjects for the painter, and give pleasure to the thousands who seek for recreation in visiting the ancient landmarks of their beautiful country!

RICHARD KEENE.

running longitudinally down its centre, remains of which were in existence a few years ago, as shewn in the accompanying cut. He also placed the sundials on the porch and bay window.



WINFIELD MANOR
IN DERBYSHIRE

HISTORICALLY SKETCHED

BY

SIDNEY OLDALL ADDY, M.A.





P R E F A T O R Y N O T E .

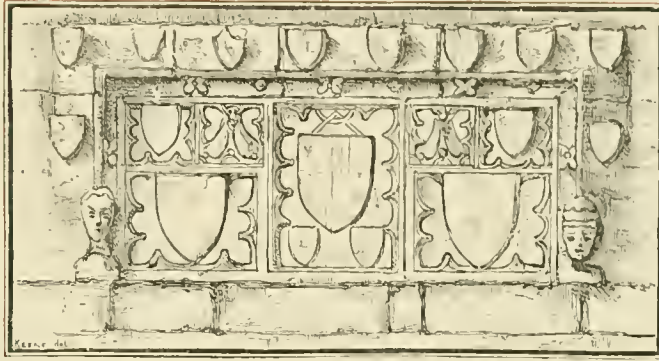
THE following pages are not the fruit of original research. The existing handbooks being out of print, the writer has endeavoured, at the suggestion of Mr. Taylor, the custodian of the ruins, to supply a popular want, and with that end in view he has eschewed minute discussion, and tried to make his sketch as bright as possible. The chief authorities consulted have been Blore's *South Winfield* (1816), Mr. Leader's *Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity* (1880), a Paper by the Rev. J. R. Errington which was published in the *Chesterfield Courier* on the 23rd August, 1851, and Lodge's *Illustrations*.

It is now (June, 1885) about five years since this little paper was written, and on looking over Mr. Keene's careful introduction the writer finds that doubts are entertained by Dr. Cox and Mr. Croston concerning the use of the apartment which underlies the great hall at Winfield. Perhaps the citation of a few authorities will throw light upon, or will entirely settle, the question. In an Anglo-Saxon Glossary of the 10th century (printed

in Wright's Vocabularies) *cellarium* is defined as "inleofa; sic dictum quia in ea colligantur ministeria mensarum vel quae necessaria victui supersunt." It thus appears that the cellar was then the place where the various articles necessary to set forth the table were kept. In a pictorial glossary of the 15th century (Wright's Voc.) the names of the various parts of a great house are collected and set out together, but here nothing is said about a retainers' hall, though the pantry, buttery, and spence are mentioned. The "undercroft" at Winfield was the spence. Here the wine, spices, fruit, dishes, &c., were kept by an officer of the household called the spencer, who in monastic houses was called the cellarer. In a very rare and valuable book in the writer's possession, Huloet's *Abcedarium*, 1552, occurs "cellar or storehouse, *cella*," and "cellarer, or he that kepeth the storehouse, *cellarius*."

Winfield unquestionably means "gorse field." *Win*, meaning gorse or furze, occurs, under various spellings, in nearly all the old glossaries. Moreover it is still in use as a dialectal word in Derbyshire. There is a Win-acre Wood near Dronfield.





CARVED STONWORK OVER THE GATEWAY TO INNER QUADRANGLE.

WINFIELD MANOR.

WE may say of Winfield Manor Place* as was once said of a famous city, that it is "bitterly historical." We need only glance for a moment at its ruins to see that the hand of Time has done little towards the spoliation of a house which in earlier days was magnificent, and is now but a sad image of its former self. Its walls are straight and strong, and the wind and rain of centuries have hardly yet effaced the marks of the mason's chisel. The roofless hall, the broken tracery, the obliterated chapel, the marks of cannon shot on the walls—these tell of human passions and prejudices which, all

* The term used by Leland.

through the ages, have continued to efface the work which human hands have made. The place is bitterly historical. The walls would have stood, the arras would have hung in the hall,* the carven work of wood and marble would have yet adorned the chapel, and slanting rays of sunlight would have pierced the bright figures of Apostles and Martyrs which, perchance, adorned its windows. And, for another reason, the place is bitterly historical. It was within these walls that the unhappy Mary Stuart passed many long months of her captivity. The memory of this beautiful woman, her weary days of imprisonment, her treachery, and her hard sentence, will haunt the historian as he wanders through the ruins alone, and as, with imaginative eye, he sees her now plying her needle with silks of many colours† and now looking wistfully through the tall windows of the western apartments in the inner quadrangle.‡ He will linger and soliloquize over this fair and mournful scene. He will think, as the birds chatter mockingly over his head, of the instability of human greatness, of ancient families decayed, of forms of architectural beauty forgotten. He will remember that the works of man, like the leaves of autumn, are often most beautiful in their decay. He will reflect that Time is a healer and not a destroyer, and he will see, as he casts his eyes about these ruined walls, how Time and Nature have thrown their

* The hooks on which the tapestry hung may still be seen.

† "The diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious."—Leader's *Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity*, p. 42.

‡ It is very probable that Mary occupied rooms on the west side of the inner court.

wonted mantle of green over the broken arches. The sombre yew casts a melancholy shade over the place where erstwhile stood the chapel, and an ancient walnut droops heavily over the site of Mary's lodgings. The ivy clings lovingly to the broken ruins as if to hide the shameful traces of wanton destruction. The grass grows on the pavement of the hall, and where the rude cannon shot struck the walls there the sweet-scented gillyflower has found a niche.

But let us leave these half-pleasant, half-mournful thoughts, and turn back a few chapters in the book of events. Let it be a bright afternoon in the autumn of 1584. And let it be supposed that we have come with Mr. Bentall, the gentleman-porter of Sheffield Castle, to remain with him a few days at Winfield. We ride up the well-wooded and grassy slope. We knock at the wicket of the lower gate, the yeoman-porter* opens, and we enter the outer quadrangle. On the left stands a barn, flanked with stout buttresses, and on the right is a long row of guards' chambers, now called the "barrack." We dismount. Round this quadrangle we see the servants' quarters, the stables, and other outbuildings. Mr. Bentall acts as our guide, and does not think it worth our while to inspect minutely the servants' quarters. But he draws our attention

*The office of porter, which is a humble one now, was formerly often held by gentlemen in large houses. In 1660 one Rose, Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, "did officiate as porter and had no allowance for his pains." The Rector and Fellows, moreover, forgave him the payment of the fees due on taking his degree.—*Second Report of Historical MSS. Commission.*

to the massive timber-work inside the granary, and descants on the strength of the bulwarks or earthworks outside the buildings on the south. He shows us that the ground does not fall from the south as it does from the other sides, and that these bulwarks were, therefore, necessary for the defence of the house. Our horses having been attended to, we approach the inner gate, or gate of the chief quadrangle, to the left of which are the lodgings of the gentleman porter, where we are about to stay. "But first," says Mr. Bentall, "let us inspect the north side of this outer court. You will notice the tall angular chimney shafts capped with battlemented cornices. Observe, too, the escutcheons on which are expressed pouches or purses* the emblems of Cromwell, Lord Treasurer, who built the house. The side turrets are embattled, and like the great western tower are crenellated, by which I mean that they have loopholes for archers and cross-bow-men." We pass through the inner gate when a striking scene presents itself to our eyes. The place is of singular artistic beauty. On the left or western side is a range of magnificent apartments in which are two bay windows† reaching, like the one in the common hall, to the roof. Here is lodged the Queen of Scots, whose pale face, still paler through sickness, we see peering through the casement, her gentlewomen having doubtless told her that they had

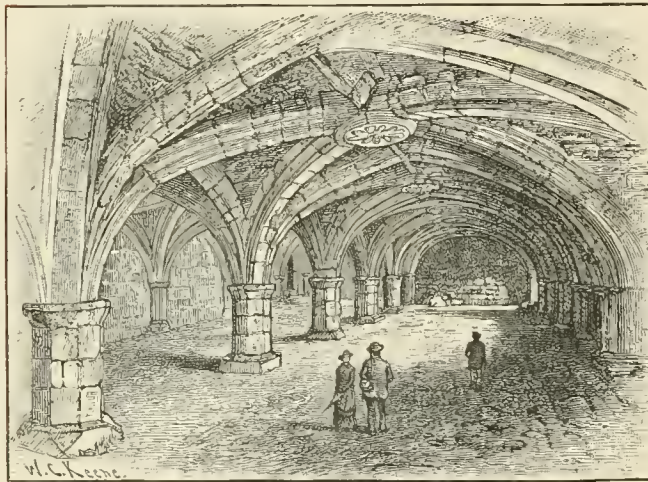
* The purses are emblematical of the Treasurer's office. They may also be seen at Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire, partly built by Lord Cromwell.

† The bases of these windows may still be seen, especially of the one nearest the hall.

seen strangers pass through the inner gate in company with Mr. Bentall. "That," says Mr. Bentall, pointing to the building which faced us as we passed through the gate, "is the common hall. Notice the fine bay window at the eastern end and the carved mouldings of the door. And before we enter the hall, let me point out to you that the building which forms the eastern side of the court is the chapel."* We pass through the porch which leads to the common hall, and through the inner door. On our left is the buttery-hatch, which is open, and behind it stands the butler. We stay and drink a flagon of his good ale. We are taken through the kitchens where the cook and his servants are preparing supper of which, later on, we hope to partake. We return, and enter the common hall, which is oak-panelled below, and tapestried above. In the windows are many coats of arms of the Lords Cromwell, with their quarterings. We notice the arms of my Lord of Shrewsbury carved in alabaster over the high table, and many weapons of war and of the chase disposed around. We walk through the hall, ascend the dais or slightly raised platform upon which stands the high table, and passing through a door in the right hand corner,

* Doubts have arisen respecting the position of the chapel, and it has commonly been supposed that it stood outside the great court at its north-eastern end. I cannot entertain this view, as it seems improbable that so important a building should not have formed part of the regular buildings of the two courts. Were it not for the fact that yew trees, of some age, now grow on the site where I think the chapel may have been, I should have little doubt as to my view being correct. But the chapel may have been pulled down a couple of centuries or more.

go down a stone staircase to the cellar,* a large vaulted and dark room, lying beneath the hall. Here my lord keeps good store of Sack and Malmsey and many other rare foreign wines. And there was need that he should



THE CELLAR.

keep a plentiful supply in his cellars, for Ralph Sadler has told us that the Queen of Scots and her train consumed about ten tuns of wine, that is about two thousand

* Several writers, and notably Mr. Leader (*Mary Queen of Scots*, p. 54), have spoken of this room as a crypt or undercroft, which, in the broad acceptance of these words, it was. But I think we may here include in the generic term crypt the specific term cellar. The ceiling of this room was formerly plastered, and probably white-washed as modern cellars are. The steps leading to the high table in the hall are a proof of its having been the cellar.

five hundred and twenty gallons, in a single year. He has also told us that there were two hundred and ten gentlemen, yeomen, and officers living in the house, fifty of whom were soldiers staying there to guard the Queen. These soldiers, he says, had their meat and drink found, and some allowance for wages. The Queen had four good coach-horses which were kept at Lord Shrewsbury's expense, from which we may gather that she sometimes rode out to take the air. And besides all these the Queen had five gentlemen, fourteen servitors, two married women servants, and ten girls and children, making together forty-eight persons. She had fifteen rooms allotted to her in the house. Two of these she used herself, two were occupied by the two married women servants and their husbands, three by the maid servants, and the remaining eight by the gentlemen and officers of her train and the men servants. The Queen's two Secretaries, the Master of the Household, and Dr. Prean had each of them a chamber of his own. The Queen had no furniture of her own, except a few bed hangings and an old chair or two which were much worn. Sadler has also told us that on both fish and flesh days she had sixteen courses at dinner, more or less. Besides these, the Secretaries, the Master of the Household, the Physician, and Dr. Prean had seven or eight dishes, and always dined in the Queen's presence. Wheat was twenty shillings a quarter, a good ox cost four pounds, and sheep were seven pounds a score. Pit-coal was plentiful in the neighbourhood, and was usually burned at the Manor.

But, reader, we will, if you please, say good bye to Mr. Bentall, and turn over an earlier page of history. We

will pass from the year 1584 to the time of Henry VI., who reigned from 1422 to 1461 A.D. In this reign we have it on the authority of Camden* that Lord Cromwell, Treasurer of England, built this house, and it was therefore more than two centuries old when the Scottish queen was first a captive within its walls.

The Winfield property had been acquired by the marriage of Sir Ralph Cromwell with Avicia Bellars or Bellairs. The Cromwells were a family of great antiquity in Nottinghamshire, and derived their name from a place called Crumbwell, or Cromwell, in that county. Lord Cromwell, who built this house, married Margaret, sister and co-heiress of William Lord D'Eyncourt. In 1433 he was made Treasurer of the Exchequer during the pleasure of Henry VI., and three years later he was retained to serve the King in the relief of Calais with one knight, twelve men-at-arms, and one hundred and seventy-five archers. In the same year he was made Master of the Hounds and Falcons. Three years later still we find him engaged in a work of piety, namely, in making the church of Tattershall in Lincolnshire, where he had large possessions, a collegiate church. He built the great brick tower there, which is still known by his name. Probably his office of Treasurer brought him wealth by which he was enabled to build extensively. He was Steward and Keeper of the King's Forest of Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire. He died on the 4th of January, 1455, without issue, and was buried in the church of Tattershall, which he had endowed so

* Camden says it was built by *Henry* Lord Cromwell, *temp.* Henry VI. But this is clearly a mistake.

richly. Over his body was placed this inscription in Latin:—

“Here lieth the noble Lord Radulph Cromwell, Knight, Lord of Cromwell, formerly Treasurer of England, and founder of this college, with Margaret his illustrious wife, the daughter and one of the heiresses of the Lord D'Eyncourt, which Ralph died on the 4th of Jan. A.D. 1455. And the said Margaret on the 15th day of Sep., 1454. Whose souls God pardon. Amen.”

By his will, made the year before he died, he had appointed no less than three thousand masses to be said for the repose of his soul. Thus did the Treasurer of England and builder of the stately house of Winfield die in the odour of sanctity. As we have seen, he left no children, and not long afterwards the Manor passed by purchase of the reversion to the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury.

Before we leave Winfield we will cast a rapid glance upon its later history. In the time of Charles I. it was held for the Parliament by the Earl of Pembroke, and in 1643 it was taken by the Royalists after a desperate resistance. It was, however, recaptured by the Roundheads, when artillery was directed against the house from Pentridge Common. Cannon balls are still picked up about the ruins.

The last scene of our brief tale closes on Immanuel Halton, who purchased the Manor in 1678 from the then Duke of Norfolk, and to whose descendant, Halton Tristram, Esq., it now belongs. Immanuel Halton was a man of studious and retiring habits. In the great pile of venerable buildings which he had bought, he pursued, as his epitaph tells us, the studies of music, mathematics, and astronomy. From the watch-towers of the Cromwells we

may fancy him, on dark autumn evenings, surveying the spangled heavens. But for him, as for nearly all the men of his generation, the graces of a forgotten art had no charm. He did not hesitate to make this picturesque abode conform to the tastes of the age in which he lived. It is, however, comforting to reflect that the men of his day knew nothing of those feeble forgeries which we call "restorations." They showed their own individuality. And thus Immanuel Halton, who was both gentleman and scholar, did not scruple to alter this picturesque ruin in order to make himself a convenient dwelling-house. For this purpose the great hall formed a suitable site, as witness the windows in the north side. But it was left for a later generation of the Halton family to make a quarry of the Manor, when they built their house in the valley.





A P P E N D I X .

THE unusually spacious cellar at Winfield suggests that much wine must have been drunk in England about the time when this house was built. That such was the case we have the amplest evidence. When Edward IV. in 1473 was about to make a progress through Norfolk we find John Paston writing to his brother "to warn William Gregory and his fellows to purvey them of wine enough," for, he said, "every man beareth me in hand that the town shall be drank dry as York was when the king was there."* Dr. Whitaker in his *History of Craven* gives some copious extracts from a compotus of the Canons of Bolton, in Yorkshire, of which he makes an analysis. He computes that the prior and canons of that house consumed about 1,800 gallons of wine each year, and he considers that the full complement of that monastery consisted of about two hundred persons. This amount is not large for so splendid and wealthy a monastery, and it contrasts somewhat favourably with the quantity consumed by the Scottish Queen and her suite

* *Paston Letters.*

at a later period. The Queen herself, however, used wine for "bathing" as well as drinking, as appears from the following letter* sent by the Earl of Shrewsbury to the Marquis of Winchester and Sir Walter Mildmay:—

It may please you to understand, that whereas I have had a certain allowance of wine, amongst other noble men, for expenses in my household, without impost, the charges daily that I do now sustain, and have done all this year past, well known by reason of the Queen of Scots, are so great therein as I am compelled to be now a suitor unto you, that ye will please to have a friendly consideration upon the necessity of my large expenses. Truly two tuns in a month have not sufficed ordinarily, besides that that is occupied at times for her bathings, and such like uses; which seeing I cannot by any means conveniently diminish, mine earnest trust and desire is that ye will now consider me with such larger proportion in this case as shall seem good unto your friendly wisdoms, even as I shall think myself much beholding for the same. And so I commit you unto God. From Tutbury Castle, this 16th of January, 1569.

Your assured friend to my power,

G. SHREWSBURY.

The Queen's health was not good, and it seems probable that her physicians had prescribed bathing or rubbing the body with wine. Instances are not wanting of people being rubbed with wine, as we rub with camphorated oil now, and of children being dipped in brandy to strengthen them, as it was supposed.

In 1575, whilst the Queen was detained in Sheffield Castle, we find Ralph Barber making a journey from that town to Rouen and back, to fetch wine, confectionery, damask, and other articles. The account furnished by

* Lodge's *Illustrations*, ii. 27.

him on his return to Sheffield is here printed,* and it will be found of interest, not only as illustrating the manners and customs of the period, but as showing, for our present purpose, what need there was of ample cellarage both at Sheffield and Winfield. The monotony of the Queen's imprisonment was relieved by the little presents which were sent to her. The year before Barber went to Rouen we find her expressing a hope that her uncle, the Cardinal of Guise, will send her a couple of pretty little dogs. "For," she says, "besides reading and working, I take pleasure only in all the little animals that I can get."† She asks for the little dogs to be sent in baskets, very warmly packed. It will be noticed that the following account is divided into two parts, the one being the payments made in France, and the other those made in England.

FRANCE.—*The accompt of me Ralph Barber, for one voyage made unto Rouen, for your Lordship‡ as followeth; 1575.*

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis, paid unto Mr. Jasper Dublett for three tuns of French wine, at twelve pounds fourteen shillings the tun	38	2	0
Item, more, unto Peter Deylaport, for eight tuns of French wine at thirteen pounds fourteen shillings the tun	109	12	0
Item, more, for one tun of Orleans wine	15	0	0

* It is printed by *Lodge* (vol. ii., p. 144) with the old spelling and contractions. These I have modernized, and, where possible, extended.

† *Leader's Mary Queen of Scots*, p. 345.

‡ George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

	£	s.	d.
Item, more, for half a tun of white wine	5	4	0
Item, more, to Peter Deylaport, for twenty seven ells and two quarters of fine damask for table cloths con- taining in breadth seven quarters at twelve shillings six pence the ell	17	6	4
Item, more, for one tun of red vinegar,* and one puncheon white	14	0	0
Item, more, for thirty ells of damask for table napkins, which is but payable ten ells, at twelve shillings six pence the ell	†6	6	0
Item, more, for twenty two ells of diaper of Rouen making, at eight shillings two pence the ell	9	0	4
Item, more, for nineteen ells of whited canvas, at three shillings six pence the ell	3	6	6
Item, more, for forty two pounds of comfitures, and other sugar works, at sundry prices	5	12	0
Item, for boxes and cotton for the same, &c.	0	4	0
Item, more, for fourteen pounds of fine sleyed‡ silk, for my Lady, being of all colours, at thirty two shillings the pound	22	8	0
Item, more; three ells of whited canvas at three shillings five pence the ell	0	10	3
Item, more, for four ream of fine paper	0	14	10
Item, more, for twelve pieces of coarse buckram	1	12	0
Item, more, for forty eight dozen quails at six shillings the dozen	14	8	0
Item, more, for two cages for the said quails, two bushel hemp seed, with two weeks charges before I received them	0	18	6

* In original *wyniger*.

† An arithmetical blunder. There are one or two others in this account.

‡ A *sley* is a weaver's instrument that strikes the wog close to the warp.—*Kennet*.

	£	s.	d.
Item, more, at Rouen, for custom of twelve tuns and a half of wines	1	2	0
Item, more, in the Vicompt there, and unto the officers of the Rom'an	0	18	0
Item, more, for the carriage of the aforesaid wines and vinegar upon shipboard with rummaging and planking of the same... ..	1	4	0
Item, more, for five ells of canvas and cord to truss the said diaper and damask in, with packing of the same... ..	0	6	0
Item, for a pannier, a lock, cloths, and cords, for trussing the said comfitures and sugar works in ...	0	6	0
Item, more, for the carriage of the same by land from Rouen to Dieppe	0	2	10
Item, unto one Robert Gooden,* for brokerage in Rouen	2	0	0
Item, more, for the charges of me and my man in Rouen, being there the space of twenty one days at four shillings per diem	4	4	0
Item, more, for extra ordinary charges during my being in France	0	6	10
Item, more, for a post horse from Dieppe to Rouen, and from Rouen to Dieppe again with the charges of two several returns... ..	0	16	0
Item, more at Dieppe, to the officers and searchers there	0	4	10
Item, more, for my passport there	0	2	10
Summa disbursed in France as appeareth	£	275	18 1

* Gervase Kirk, eldest son of Thurston Kirke of Greenhill, Norton, co. Derby, Esq., married Elizabeth, dau. of John Gouding or Gouden of Dieppe. She proved her husband's will in 1630.—*Journal of Derbyshire Archaeological Society*, vol. ii. p. 26.

ENGLAND.

	£	s.	d.
Paid for the charges of myself, my man, and my horse, from the last of April unto the twenty six of May, that I took shipping for France, being twenty six days at three shillings per diem	3	18	0
Item, for my passage by sea made, my man and myself, with duties unto searchers at Rye	1	2	0
Item, for passage of me and my man by sea, with two cages of quails and onc hamper, in my return from France into England	1	0	0
Item, for two horses from Rye to London, in carriage of the said quails and hamper	0	11	0
Item, more, for my horse grass at Rye, three weeks, at sixteen pence the week	0	4	0
Item, unto John Boyes, for the freight of twelve tuns and a half of wine from Rouen to London at thirteen shillings the tun	8	15	0
Item, more unto him, for primage and average accus- tomed with four shillings paid at the new haven* ...	1	13	0
Item, more, unto John Poge, for the freight of four puncheons of vinegar from Rouen to London with average and primage accustomed	0	18	8
Item, more, unto John Boyes, for the freight of one fardel† of diaper and damask from Rouen to London	0	3	0
Paid for fourscore and two dozen hoops for hooping and cupping of ten tuns and one hogshead of wine at London at tenpence the dozen	3	6	8
Item, more unto the said cooper, for filling of the said wines, being twelve tuns and a half, laden at Rouen ; being filled at London ten tuns one hogshead and a half, at fourpence [a] tun	0	3	4
Item unto the porters for taking in and delivering forth the said wines at London	0	11	0

* Newhaven.

† A bale or bundle.—*Skeat.*

Winfield Manor.

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	£	s.	d.
Item, more, to John Wiggion of London, for wharfage and cranage of the said wine and vinegar	0	12	0
Item, unto him for cellarage of the said wines for ten days	0	4	4
Item, for entering the said wines at the Custom House, with eightpence towards a cocket for Hull ...	0	3	8
Item, for my man's charges in the country for two days and one night, that is to say in country f'ies with meat and drink, six shillings; to the Sheriff of London for bloed and frey six shillings and eightpence; to a man of law in Guildhall, three shillings and sixpence	0	16	2
Item, more, for two shirts for my man, at three shillings fourpence a piece	0	6	8
Paid for my charges of myself and my horse from the sixteenth of June that I landed in England in my return, with ten shillings for ten days charges of my man before his departing from me at London until the nineteeth of July that I came to Sheffield, being thirty three days at twenty pence the day	3	5	0
Summa disbursed in England as appeareth	£36	0	2
Summa totalis disbursed in this voyage as particularly appeareth	*£303	18	1

* About £3,000 of our money.





A VISIT TO WINFIELD MANOR,

The Prison-House of Mary Queen of Scots,

BY

JAMES CROSTON, F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "ON FOOT THROUGH THE PEAK," ETC., ETC.





A VISIT TO WINFIELD MANOR.

AMONG the many memorials of feudal power and ancient chivalrous splendour which the county of Derby possesses, deserving attention not less for the historical than for the traditional associations connected with them, there are none that better deserve investigation, or around which crowd more reminiscences of bygone times, than the shattered and time-worn ruins of Winfield Manor House—successively the home of Ralph, Lord Cromwell (Henry the Sixth's Treasurer of the Exchequer), the prison-house of Scotia's beautiful but hapless Queen, and the scene of one of the most obstinately contested struggles that marked that unhappy period during which a King fought for his crown and his Parliament for power.

Winfield, though now innocent of aristocratic associations, is pregnant with historic memories; and the antiquary, as he treads its silent courts and deserted halls, may find ample scope for reflection—contemplating the changes which time has wrought, and dreaming of the

pomps and pageantries, and the gorgeous chivalric displays that have been witnessed within its ancient walls.

We had been spending a couple of days in the vicinity of Matlock with a friend, the companion of many a pleasant wandering, and the proximity of Winfield afforded an opportunity of gratifying a desire I had long entertained of making an excursion to its ruined Manor House.

The sun was rapidly sinking in the glowing west when we entered the village, and the light of day was gradually giving place to the soft twilight of a summer's eve. Leaving our conveyance at the "Horse and Groom," a little public-house close by, we crossed the highway, and proceeded on foot along a narrow road that leads over some meadows and through a secluded dingle, at the bottom of which runs a little rindle, overshadowed by tall trees. Crossing this, we ascended by a winding path that curves in and out between some fine old beech and yew trees, and a few minutes later reached the ruined postern, on the south-east side of the mansion.

The Manor of Winfield, or, as it was more anciently written, Winfield, boasts considerable antiquity, and has on more than one occasion been the scene of important events. At a period anterior to the Domesday Survey it formed, as is supposed, a part of the possessions of Roger de Poitou. After the battle of Hastings, when Duke William of Normandy began to parcel out the newly-acquired territory with lavish liberality among his faithful followers, Winfield fell, with certain other manors in Derbyshire and other counties, to the share of his illegitimate son, William Peverel, under whom it was held, at the time of the great national survey, by Robert de

Heriz, of Alan, Earl of Brittany. The Peverels, however, did not long enjoy their territorial possessions, for within a century of their being granted by the Conqueror, William Peverel, the grandson of the first baron, having been accused of poisoning Ranulph, Earl of Chester, found it necessary, to avoid the consequences of his act, to quit the kingdom, when the whole of his extensive domains passed by forfeit to Henry II.

The Manor of Winfield continued in the possession of the Heriz family for several generations after the seizure of Peverel's lands, the family having, as it would seem, become tenants-in-chief of the Crown. Subsequently, as appears by an inquisition taken at Chesterfield on Saturday, the feast of St. Katherine the Virgin, 3rd Edward III., the Manor became the property of Matilda, heiress and next of blood of (*consanguinea*) John de Heriz, whom Richard de la River had taken to wife. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Richard de la River, became the wife of Roger Bellars, a person of considerable note, who served the office of Sheriff of the counties of Derby and Nottingham in the reign of Edward III., and by him had a daughter, also named Margaret, who married Robert de Swyllington, Knight, and had given unto her during the lifetime of her father the Manor of Winfield, with other lands that were of her mother's inheritance, with remainder to her heirs. There being no surviving issue of this marriage, it was found by an inquisition taken at Derby on the 25th October, 8th Henry VI., that the property belonged to Ralph, Lord Cromwell of Tatershall, descended from the Bellars family, and cousin of Margaret wife of Robert de Swyllington. The award, however, was not

allowed to remain unchallenged, for about the 19th year of the same reign a suit was instituted by Henry Pierpont, Knt., who claimed as heir of the inheritance of Margaret Gra, descended from the family of Heriz; the result was a compromise, by which certain manors were vested in the family of Pierpont, and the manor of Winfield assured to the Lord Cromwell.

Ralph, Lord Cromwell, descended from a family of some antiquity, was summoned to parliament as one of the barons of the realm in 4th Henry IV., he being then only twenty-three years old; in the following reign he attained to considerable power and influence, and was appointed to several offices of honour and emolument, enjoying, as it would seem, in an extraordinary degree, the confidence and favour of the king. In 11th Henry VI. he had granted to him the office of Treasurer of the Exchequer, and three years afterwards he was retained to serve the king in the relief of Calais with one knight, 12 men-at-arms, and 175 archers. In the same year he was made master of the king's hounds and falcons with the wages and fees belonging thereto, and subsequently had conferred upon him for his services a grant of £40 to be received annually during the royal pleasure out of the manor of Whasshynburgh, then in the King's hands. On the first of February, 23rd Henry VI., he had granted to him and his heirs, for the services he had performed to the King, the offices of constable of the King's Castle of Nottingham, and steward and keeper of the Forest of Sherwood, the parks of Beschewode and Clypston, and the woods of Bellow-Birkeland, Rumwode, Ouselande, and Fullwood, in Nottinghamshire. The building of the present manor-

house of Winfield was commenced by this Lord Cromwell on the site of a more ancient structure, and completed after his death by John Talbot, Second Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom he had sold the reversionary interest in the manor.

South Winfield continued in the possession of the noble house of Shrewsbury until the death of Gilbert, the Seventh Earl, in 1616, when the inheritance was divided amongst his three daughters and coheireses, the eldest of whom, Mary, was married to William Herbert, Third Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1630 without surviving issue, when her portion of the estate reverted to Sir William Saville, Bart., father of the First Marquis of Halifax, and grandson of Mary Talbot, daughter of George, Sixth Earl of Shrewsbury by his first wife, Gertrude, daughter of Thomas Manners, first Earl of Rutland. Elizabeth, the second daughter, became the wife of Henry Grey, Earl of Kent, and she also dying issueless, her moiety passed to her uncle, the Eighth Earl of Shrewsbury, whose descendants retained possession of the same until 1709, when Charles, Twelfth Earl of Shrewsbury, by indentures of lease and re-lease, conveyed five-sixths parts of his portion of the manor and estate to Thomas Leacroft, of Wirksworth, the remaining one-sixth part being sold about the same time to Wingfield Halton, Esq. Alatheia, the youngest of the three daughters of Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, who claimed, by inheritance, the third portion of the manor of South Winfield, married Thomas, Earl of Arundel, grandson of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572, and her grandson, Henry, Duke of Norfolk, conveyed this moiety to his auditor, Imanuel Halton, gentle-

man, son of Miles Halton, Sheriff of Cumberland, in 1652, from whom the present owner of Winfield, Miles Halton Tristram, Esq., is descended through the female line.

Winfield Manor House derives an especial interest from the circumstance that it was for several years the place of captivity of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots—a captivity which must have been almost as irksome to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in whose custody she was placed, as to the Queen herself. The suite of rooms which are believed to have been appropriated to her use are still pointed out; they occupy the west side of the north court, and communicate with the great tower, from whence, tradition says, she had sometimes an opportunity of watching the approach of the friends with whom she was in secret correspondence. Her residence here extended over a period of several years; but during that time she was an occasional visitor at Hardwick and Chatsworth, two other mansions of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and also at Buxton, then celebrated for the medicinal properties of its thermal springs.

Whatever may have been the motive which induced the Earl to accept the charge of the captive Queen, certain it is that he was soon desirous of being relieved of the responsibility, but as it was difficult to find another nobleman equally faithful to supply his place, he was compelled by the Queen's authority to retain his trust, to the ruin of his peace and the serious injury of his fortune.*

* Mary's domestic establishment at this time included five gentlemen, fourteen servitors, three cooks, four boys, three gentlemen's men, six gentlewomen, two wives, and ten wenches and children. Lodge, in his *Illustrations of British History*, says that the Queen's table was

Possessing a high sensibility and a noble and generous nature, it was the misfortune of the Earl to be united to a lady who, though reputed to be the handsomest woman of her day, was, perhaps, the veriest shrew in Christendom. Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury,—better known as Bess of Hardwicke—who had been thrice married before she became the wife of George Talbot, was a woman of a proud, arrogant, and imperious demeanour, mercenary and sordid in her disposition, cold, selfish, and unfeeling, without one redeeming quality of womanly tenderness or honourable integrity. She could not exist without some political intrigue; and, when not engaged with her scheming speculations, she employed her talents in confederating alternately with Elizabeth and Mary, always to the prejudice and terror of her husband, whose existence was often embittered, and his feelings wounded, by her captious arrogance and pretended jealousy.

It was in the month of May, 1569, that Mary was removed to Winfield from Tutbury Castle, where she had resided since January of the preceding year—nominally a free princess, but in reality a prisoner of state. The first years of her confinement were accompanied by some circumstances of mitigation, and the irksomeness of her

furnished with sixteen dishes to each course—the principal officers of the household had ten, and her ladies eight covers. They consumed a large quantity of wine, and Mary had sometimes baths of wine for pain or tumour in her side, from which she suffered; no wonder that her guardian should at times have found himself embarrassed in providing for so large an addition to his household. No less than two hundred gentlemen, yeomen, officers, and soldiers were employed in the custody of her person at Winfield.

captivity was softened by agreeable society, and the conversation of such persons of rank as visited her entertainers; but the increasing jealousy of Elizabeth and her ministers caused every movement of the illustrious captive to be watched with suspicion, and she was eventually excluded from all social intercourse: her amusements were restricted, and even out-door exercise was at times prohibited; no other resources being left to her than her lute and her needle, with which latter she beguiled many weary hours of her long confinement. To add to her wretchedness, she was subjected to all the petty indignities that her coarse-minded hostess could heap upon her; not the least painful of which was the malignant aspersion cast upon her character by the Countess, who, incredible as it may appear, affected to believe that the Queen of Scots had seduced the affections of the Earl her husband. For this, however, as we find from Strype* and the correspondence

* *Strype Annals*, v. 3., p. 232.—Rumours of Lord Shewsbury's intimacy with the captive Queen would appear to have been rather widely circulated. In a letter written about this time (1584) by William Fletewood, the eminent lawyer and Recorder of London, to Lord Treasurer Burghley, there occurs the following passage:—"At this sessions, one Cople and one Baldwin, my Lord of Shrewsburie's gent, required me that they might be suffered to indict one Walmesley of Islyngton, an inn-holder, for scandilation of my Lord their master. They shewed me two papers. The first was under the clerk of the counsel's hand, of my lord's purgation, in the which your good lordship's speeches are specially set downe. The second paper was the examination of divers witnesses taken by Mr. Harris; the effect of all which was, that Walmesley should tell his gests openlie at the table that the Erle of Shrewsbury had gotten the Scottish Quene with child, and that he knew when the child was

of Castelnau, she had the satisfaction of obtaining, through the agency of the French Ambassador, an attested disavowal of the calumnious reports which the Countess and her two sons had maliciously circulated against her.

In the same year that Mary was conveyed to Winfield, that in which the memorable "Rising of the North" occurred, an attempt was made, according to Camden, by Leonard Dacres, a son of William, Lord Dacres, to liberate her from the captivity in which she was kept and conduct her to some foreign country; the plot, however, was discovered, and the design consequently frustrated. A similar attempt, made by a Mr. Hall and the younger sons of the Earl of Derby, is supposed to have taken place here. These conspiracies, instead of aiding the cause of Mary, only served to increase the jealousy of Elizabeth, who, kept as she was, in continual alarm by the plots and threatened insurrections, and apprehensive of any meditated escape, caused a greater degree of caution and watchfulness to be exercised towards her unhappy captive.

christened, and it was alledged that he should further adde, that my lord should never go home agayne, with like wordes, &c. An indictment was drawne by the clerk of the peace, the which I thought not good to have published, or (ere?) that the evidence should be given openlie, and therefore I caused the jurie to go to a chamber, where I was, and heard the evidence given, amongst whom one Merideth Hammer, a doctor of divinitie and Vicar of Isylington, was a witness, who had dwelt as lewdlie towards my lord in speeches as dyd the other, viz., Walmesley. This doctor regardeth not an oathe. Surelie he is a verie bad man; but in the end the indictment was indorsed *Billa vera.*"—*See private correspondence of Lord Burghley and others, published in Wright's "Queen Elizabeth and her times."*

Indeed, Mary's misfortunes were as much attributable to the rashness of her friends as the malignity and vindictiveness of her enemies, and it was their mistaken zeal that prepared the way for her ultimate ruin.

Of the many projects set on foot for the restoration of the captive Queen, the most romantic and that which eventually cost her her life, was the conspiracy headed by Anthony Babington, a young man of fortune, residing at Dethick, near Winfield. Babington, who had been seduced by the arguments of John Ballard, a fanatical priest, conceived the idea of assassinating Elizabeth and her Ministers, and invading England by Spanish troops, whilst a simultaneous insurrection of the Roman Catholics was to open the gates of Mary's prison, place her upon the English throne, and at once restore the Romish religion. The plot was betrayed to Secretary Walsingham, who caused the letters of the conspirators and of Mary herself to be intercepted. From some of these, which have been preserved, it is clear that the Spaniards were deeply implicated, and were much disconcerted at the discovery. Though Mary had been apprised by Babington of the design formed in her favour, and had signified her approval of it, it is not clear that she was privy to the premeditated murder of Elizabeth; certain it is that her enemies have failed to prove the charge, and some of her accusers have admitted that they were perjured. On the discovery of the plot Mary's papers were seized, and she herself was removed to Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire. Ballard, who originated the conspiracy, was made prisoner at Dethick; and Babington and some of his companions fled to the south, and for some time con-

cealed themselves in the woods near Harrow, but were at length discovered, brought to trial, and convicted of high treason. Fourteen of them were executed, seven of whom, including Babington, died acknowledging their crime.

The trial and execution of these wretched men was followed by one of still greater importance ; a commission of forty noblemen and privy counsellors, with Lord Treasurer Burghley at their head, was sent to try the captive Queen on the charge of knowing, approving, and consenting to Babington's conspiracy, and of expressly declaring her approbation of Elizabeth's assassination ; but she refused to acknowledge their jurisdiction, and protested against the prerogative which the Queen assumed in arraigning as a criminal a princess who like herself was an absolute sovereign. Ultimately she was induced to meet the commissioners and the examination proceeded, but all assistance was refused her, and even her request for an advocate was denied. The trial, which was a solemn mockery of justice, resulted in the sentence of death being recorded against her. An act of attainder followed, and after some delay, and a real or affected reluctance on the part of Elizabeth, the death warrant was signed, and the sentence carried into execution at Fotheringay, on the 8th February, 1587.

Though Elizabeth may have deemed her throne and even her life insecure, whilst Mary lived, no excuse nor justification can be offered for the extreme measure resorted to. That she was an able and vigorous politician, and had, moreover, the wisdom to surround herself with advisers possessed of extraordinary talents, unimpeachable integrity,

and sound patriotic feeling, cannot be questioned ; but, despite the blaze of glory which it has been attempted to cast around her character, this one act will ever remain an indellible stain upon her reputation, and cause her name to be remembered with feelings of mingled sorrow and aversion. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that the act, cowardly and unjustifiable as it was, was as much that of the country as of Elizabeth and her government. Whatever her own private feelings may have been, it cannot be denied that she was urged by her ministers, her parliament, and her subjects to the last and crowning act of severity ; and when the sentence of death was announced it was hailed by the people with demonstrations of satisfaction and even joy. Though it cannot justify, it may in some degree palliate the conduct of the Queen when we remember the character of the age in which she lived—an age in which the feudal barbarism that existed among our forefathers had hardly become extinct.

Of Mary it may be said that she was the very perfection of elegance and refinement. She excelled in the freedom of her address and the variety of her accomplishments ; her wit, her beauty, and the talents she possessed were unequalled, while she seemed to exercise a fascinating influence over all who approached her. Yet withal she was lamentably deficient in prudence, in judgment, and in principle, and, lacking that firmness of character and those higher qualities of mind so requisite in a ruler, she allowed herself to be beguiled by flattery and to be deceived by those she had foolishly trusted, and on whom she had lavished her favours in happier days. The most lovely of women, she was the most unfortunate of sovereigns. As

a woman she had many failings, and as a queen she had still greater faults. Though her complicity in the murder of her husband has been denied, yet by bestowing her hand upon the assassin she absolved him from the crime and became herself a participator in his guilt. But when we remember her numerous misfortunes, the length and severity of her confinement, and the cruel persecution to which she was subjected, we are constrained to pity rather than condemn. If in life the pride of royalty was her ruling passion; in her last hours she exhibited a serenity of mind, a fervent piety, and a calm and dignified resignation worthy of the most heroic of the Christian martyrs. In those sacred moments when the frailty of youth and the vanity of ambition could only be recalled with feelings of mingled shame and sorrow, she appeared to welcome the approach of the day that should release her from her earthly troubles, believing that she was to suffer for her consistency in the Catholic faith. As we look back upon these last scenes of her eventful history, the offences of her life seem to be atoned for in the misery she endured, and the crimes of her former years to be expiated by the shedding of her blood. Let us add, though we cannot entirely absolve, we cannot withhold our sympathy. In the words of M. Dargaud, "We judge not—we only relate."

Winfield, which, as we have seen, had been for several years the prison-house of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, was, in the succeeding century, destined to be the theatre of some important military operations, in which it shared the fate of many of the old baronial residences of the period.

During those unhappy struggles between Charles the

First and his Parliament, which desolated the kingdom, and drenched it in civil slaughter, the house was alternately garrisoned by the Royalist and Parliamentary armies, and became the scene of some hotly-contested engagements between the belligerent forces. At the outset of the civil war it was held for the Parliamentary party by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, he being one of the committee charged with the management of the estates of his sister-in-law, the dowager Countess of Pembroke. In November, 1643, it was stormed and taken by a detachment of the King's troops, headed by that chivalrous cavalier William Cavendish, Marquis and Duke of Newcastle,—the "Loyal Duke," as he was usually styled,—and a garrison left in charge, commanded by Col. Roger Molineux. The victory, however, was but short-lived, for in the month of July, in the following year, it was again besieged by Lord Grey of Groby and Sir John Gell of Hopton, the latter of whom, possessing great local interest, and uniting considerable military skill, with a determined perseverance, had in a short time succeeded in inducing the greater part of the county to take up arms against the King, at whose hands he had, only a couple of years before, received the honour of knighthood. To such a degree was this interest exercised, that it was remarked by Lord Clarendon that "there was in Derbyshire no visible party for the King, the whole county being under the influence of Sir John Gell." The assault was made by heavy artillery planted on Pentridge common, an elevated slope on the opposite side of the valley, and vigorously replied to by a battery which had been raised on the east side of the house. The siege appears to have been

of some duration, for in the month of August the King sent General Hastings to the relief of the besieged, but his troops were driven back by the Earl of Denbigh and Sir John Gell. Finding it impossible to effect a breach, Sir John Gell ordered his guns to be removed to within nearer range, when a more vigorous fire was opened. After the battle of Marston Moor his force was strengthened by a division of the Earl of Manchester's army, when, after a storming of a few hours from the united batteries, a breach was made, and the gallant defenders were compelled to surrender. During the conflict Colonel Dalby, the governor, was killed, having been shot by a common soldier, who fired at him through an opening in the wall.

Some other trifling skirmishes between the contending parties took place here subsequently, and on the 23rd June, 1646, an order in Parliament was issued directing that the place should be dismantled.

From this period little or no historical interest has attached to the mansion. Having been much shattered and defaced during the successive conflicts, it became neglected, and was allowed gradually to fall into decay, the dilapidations which age and strife had effected having been increased by those who ought to have preserved it from further devastation.

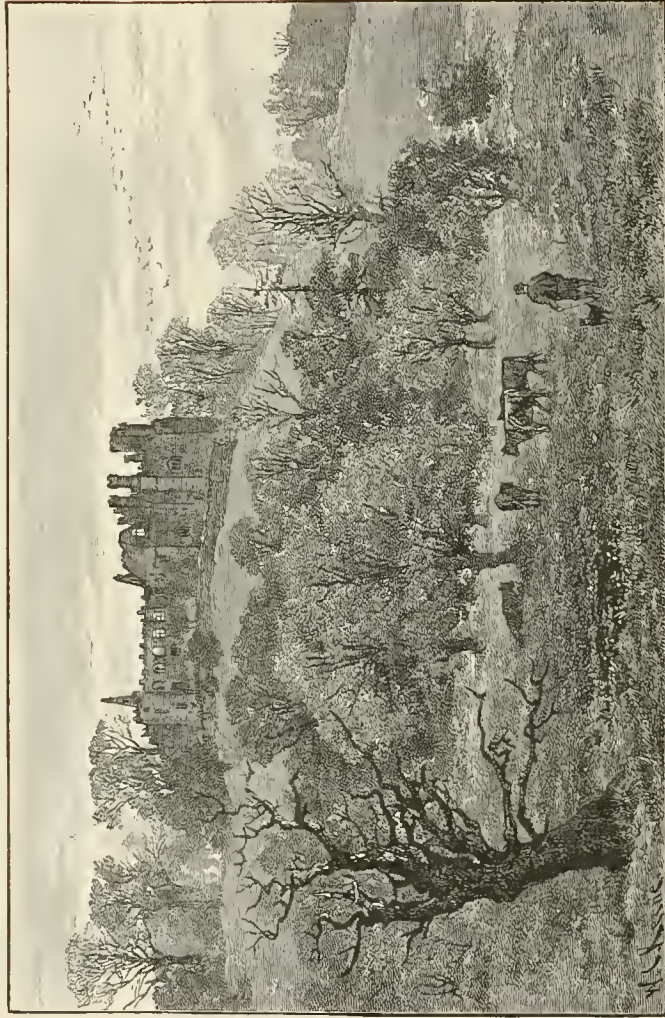
In 1774, in consequence of a partition of the estate under a decree of the Court of Chancery, the Manor-house became the property of Imanuel Halton, Esq., grandson of Imanuel Halton, the first of the name who resided here. That gentleman pulled down some of the finest portions of this magnificent mansion for the sake of the materials, which he employed in the erection of a

plain and excessively ugly-looking structure on the opposite side of the valley, and all that now remains are the grass-grown courts, the ruined and roofless halls, the crumbling buttresses, the shattered ramparts, and the heaps of hoary ruins on which the everlasting ivy flourishes in all its pride.

The palmy days of Winfield are now over, and its glory has for ever passed away. Those grey and massive towers—the sad memorials of fallen grandeur, majestic even in decay, and beautiful in their desolation—which once reared their heads aloft and looked down with proud and stern defiance, braving the wintry blast, and rejoicing in the summer sheen, are now crumbling gradually into dust, mocking the vanity of man, and evidencing the impossibility of resisting the silent, yet sure corroding hand of time, which, sooner or later, locks within its desolating grasp the mightiest works of human creation. For—

“E'en so fares it with the things of earth
Which seem most constant : there will come the cloud
That shall enfold them up, and leave their place
A seat for emptiness.”

The situation is exceedingly well chosen. The house stands upon the verge of a rocky knoll which rises boldly from the plain a little to the south of the village, and commands an extensive view over the surrounding country. Its numerous towers, all crenellated and embattled, rising proudly above the spreading woods in which it is embosomed, when viewed from the opposite side of the valley, have a striking and highly picturesque effect, and invest it with an air of grandeur that well accords with the interesting and romantic associations connected with it.



SOUTH WINFIELD MANOR HOUSE FROM NORTH-WEST.

In its perfect state South Winfield must have been a most magnificent residence, and it still affords in its general arrangement and construction a very characteristic example of the better class of mansions erected during the fifteenth century, the architectural details being of the first excellence, indicating the elaborate and splendid style in which the domestic structures of that period were erected.

In accordance with the constructive habits of the time in which it was built, the plan consisted of two courts, the inner one an irregular quadrangle, round which were arranged the great hall, the chapel, and the state apartments, and communicating by an arched gatehouse or porch, with the outer court or bailey, which was enclosed on three sides by the offices, and the lodgings of the numerous retainers of the knightly and noble owners of the mansion; the fourth side being occupied by the farm buildings, remains of which still exist, exhibiting some good examples of early perpendicular work. The principal entrance to the mansion was by a massive tower gateway at the south-east angle of the outer court.

A part of the house has been made habitable, and its occupant received us with much courtesy, and very kindly conducted us over the ruins, pointing out the several objects of interest, and relating, as we sauntered through the desolate and deserted apartments, several anecdotes and legends connected with the siege which, though unrecorded in the annals, have been preserved orally by the cottagers resident in the locality.

The twilight was drawing on as we mounted the steep path leading from the bridge, and the gloom was rendered more apparent by the overshadowing trees whose luxuriant

already noticed, the top of which, in the interior, has a fine panelled vault. This apartment appears to have been



BAY WINDOW OF BANQUETING HALL.

divided, at some period subsequent to its erection, into smaller chambers, and the windows altered to suit them; the north side is lighted by a double range, and corresponding lights are said to have formerly existed between

the oriel and the entrance porch on the south side, which latter have now disappeared. A great portion of the outer walls still remains, but the interior exhibits a complete ruin—a mere shell, scarcely retaining a feature of its former consequence. In the south-east angle is a winding stair that conducts to a spacious underground chamber extending the entire length of the great hall, the vaulted roof of which is supported by a central row of massive stone columns, that give it the appearance of an ancient cathedral crypt; the vaulting ribs are very substantial, and in the centre of each bay, where they meet, is a flat circular boss, ornamented with foliated panel-work, still remaining in excellent preservation. What was the precise use for which this chamber was originally designed it would be difficult to determine, unless it was intended as a store or guard-room. From the lower end of the great hall there is a communication with the terrace-garden, and a passage leading beneath the chapel to the buttery and the other offices; adjacent to them is the kitchen, occupying the north-west angle of the building, the ovens and fireplace in which are very spacious, affording, by their large dimensions, strong presumptive evidence that the founder of Winfield was a man who loved good cheer and practised a generous hospitality. On the west side of the quadrangle formerly stood the apartments supposed to have been occupied by Mary Queen of Scots—a basement, a few grey and moss-grown walls, and some broken mouldings half buried in grass and nettles, being the only remains that now exist; a tall spreading tree grows near, its ample foliage heightening the effect of the general ruin and making the desolation look still more desolate.

These apartments communicated with the great tower—a castellated erection with a polygonal watch-turret abutting upon the north-east angle, pierced by numerous small pointed windows; a broken and disjointed stair leads to



THE GREAT TOWER.

the top, from whence a comprehensive view of the ruins, and also a more extensive prospect of the neighbourhood of Winfield and the sylvan scenery by which it is surrounded, is obtained.

We climbed to the top of the lofty elevation for the purpose of enjoying the scene, which, though in many

respects the same as that witnessed from below, yet includes within its limits a wider horizon, with a somewhat greater diversity of aspect. We lingered upon the summit until the objects we were contemplating began to grow dim and undefinable, and the deepening shadows crept stealthily over the fair green landscape, gathering in their gloomy embrace the massive walls and sombre gateways of the hoary time-honoured ruin that lay spread below. The hills seemed to rise in the distance more grandly and solemnly as their rugged crests caught the last roseate tinge of the expiring light; one last gleam of day still lingered in the western heavens—soft and faint as the smile of a dying saint—that lit up every tower and pinnacle of the noble pile with a transitory splendour. Then, as the twilight deepened, the gloomy gateways, with their projecting buttresses—the grotesque and quaintly-carved figures, and the lofty battlements—seemed, in the dim, uncertain light, to assume uncouth and shadowy shapes and to frown defiantly upon us, while dark masses of vapour that swept across the heavens grouped themselves in strange weird forms against the pale blue sky. The gentle rippling of the brook and the plaintive cadences of the night-wind rustling through the leaves fell softly upon the ear, blended with the solemn note of the wood pigeon, that came responsively from the woods below; while at intervals, borne upon the murmuring breeze, we caught the muffled tolling of a bell from the little church of Winfield, reminding us that some spirit had passed away from earth and gone to its everlasting home.

The night had now settled darkly down, and the stars gleaming out one by one, had begun to gem the blue vault

above with their pale fires. Descending the ruined stair, we passed out into the open quadrangle, when the moon, slowly rising from behind a bank of clouds, showed her pale visage, filling the grass-grown court with a flood of light that illumined the quaint carvings, and revealed the intricate beauty and combination of the exquisite Gothic tracery in the hall and chapel, while the mild beams, as they streamed through the ruined arches and mullioned windows, chequered the old grey walls with some strikingly effective combinations of light and shade. The soft medium seemed to invest the hoary remains with a peculiar charm that rendered the entire picture one of dreamy delicious beauty; and the stilly calmness of the night, and the solemnity of the scene, were such as to excite the emotions and render the mind keenly alive to the tenderest impressions. As we stood gazing in silent admiration, the lines of the poet, Home, were forcibly called to remembrance—

In such a place, at such an hour as this,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

As we turned to depart, we thought if ever there was a scene calculated to create a belief in the supernatural, and the creations of romance, it was surely this; and, as we wended our way toward the village, we stopped again and again to take a lingering look at the ancient towers and crumbling battlements, looming majestically through the gloom.

For the following lines on Winfield Manor House we

are indebted to the late Mr. John Walker Lee, of Crich, the author of a pleasant little volume entitled *The Village Feast and other Poems*.

The evening sky is tinged with rosy light,
The lingering farewell look of dying day ;
O'er yonder wood the moon appears in sight,
While I am musing near these ruins grey.

Whilom in these dilapidated halls,
The spoils of war and sylvan trophies hung ;
Where ivy now is clinging to the walls,
And bats repose the crevices among.

These now deserted rooms were wont to ring
With laughter and the bacchanalian song ;
And startled echo flew from wing to wing,
Repeating sounds of mirth with mimic tongue.

No more the minstrel sings of warriors brave,
Or beauty's charms—forgotten is his lay ;
His heroes are neglected in the grave :
Their fame was but the story of a day.

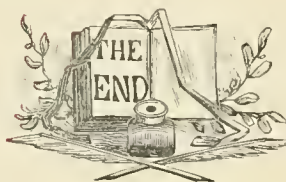
The haughty feudal lord and cringing serf
Are now alike forgotten in the dust—
Though one was only laid beneath the turf,
The other crowned with epitaph and bust.

These spacious rooms are silent as the dead :
Without a sound my footstep lightly falls ;
A grassy carpet on the floor is spread,
And echo slumbers not in roofless walls.

No sound is heard except a neighbouring stream,
Which murmurs softly as the evening breeze ;
The night is calm as sleep without a dream,
The leaves are motionless upon the trees.

Deserted pile! magnificent of yore,
When knights and dames assembled in thy halls,
When captives lay upon thy dungeon floor,
And banners waved on thy embattled walls.

Thy massive walls and weather-beaten towers
Are relics of the baron's feudal sway ;
A brighter age of liberty is ours—
Those days of vassalage have passed away.





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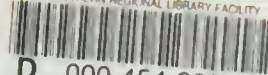
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